

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.  
Last, and as much containing as all these,  
Her Brother is in secret come from France,  
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,  
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare  
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,  
Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,  
Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne  
In eare and eare. O my deere Gertrude, this,  
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,  
Giues me superfluous death. *A Noise within.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Qu.* Alacke, what noyse is this?

*King.* Where are my Switzers?  
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

*Mef.* Saue your selfe, my Lord.  
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)  
Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste  
Then young Laertes, in a Riotous head,  
Ore-bears your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,  
And as the world were now but to begin,  
Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,  
The Ratifiers and props of euery word,  
They cry choofe we? Laertes shall be King,  
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,  
Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

*Qu.* How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,  
Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges,

*Noise within. Enter Laertes.*

*King.* The doores are broke.

*Laer.* Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.

*All.* No, let's come in.

*Laer.* I pray you giue me leaue.

*All.* We will, we will.

*Laer.* I thanke you: Keepe the doore.

Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.

*Qu.* Calmely good Laertes.

*Laer.* That drop of blood, that calmes  
Proclaimes me Bastard:

Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot  
Euen heere betwene the chaste vnsmirched brow  
Of my true Mother.

*King.* What is the cause Laertes,  
That thy Rebellion looks so Gyant-like?  
Let him go Gertrude: Do not scare our person:  
There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,  
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,  
As little of his will. Tell me Laertes,  
Why thou art thus Incens'd? Let him go Gertrude.  
Speake man.

*Laer.* Where's my Father?

*King.* Dead.

*Qu.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.  
To hell Allegiance: Yowes to the blackest diuell.  
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.  
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,  
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,  
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd  
Most thoroughly for my Father.

*King.* Who shall stay you?

*Laer.* My Will, nor all the world,  
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,  
They shall go farre with little.

*King.* Good Laertes:

If you desire to know the certaintie  
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,  
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,  
Winner and Looter.

*Laer.* None but his Enemies.

*King.* Will you know them then.

*La.* To his good Friends, thus wide Ile open my Armes:  
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,  
Repast them with my blood.

*King.* Why now you speake

Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman,  
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death;  
And am most sensible in griefe for it,  
It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce  
As day do's to your eye.

*A Noise within. Let her come in.  
Enter Ophelia.*

*Laer.* How now? what noyse is that?

Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares scuen times salt,  
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.  
By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,  
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Roie of May,  
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet Ophelia:  
Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,  
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?  
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,  
It sends some precious instance of it selfe  
After the thing it loues.

*Oph.* They bore him bare fad' on the Beer,  
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:

And on his graue raines many a teare,  
Fare you well my Doe.

*Laer.* Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Re-  
uenge, it could not moue thus.

*Oph.* You must sing downe a-downe, and you call  
him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? Is  
the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.

*Laer.* This nothings more then matter.

*Oph.* There's Rosemary, that's for Remembrance.  
Pray loue remember: and there is Paeonies, that's for  
Thoughts.

*Laer.* A document in madnesse, thoughts & remem-  
brance fitted.

*Oph.* There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's  
Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it  
Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew  
with a difference. There's a Daylie, I would giue you  
some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-  
ed: They say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

*Laer.* Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:  
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse.

*Oph.* And will he not come againe,

And will he not come againe:

No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,

He neuer wil come againe.

His Beard as white as Snow,

All Flaxen was his Pole:

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,

Gramercy on his Soule.

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye. *Exeunt Ophelia*

*Laer.* Do you see this, you Gods?

*King.* Laertes, I must common with your griefe,  
Or you deny me right: go but apart,

Make

Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,  
And they shall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;  
If by direct or by Colateral hand  
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,  
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours  
To you in satisfaction. But if not,  
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,  
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule  
To giue it due content.

*Laer.* Let this be so:

His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;  
No Trophée, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,  
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,  
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,  
That I must call in question.

*King.* So you shall:

And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.  
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

*Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.*

*Hora.* What are they that would speake with me?

*Ser.* Saylors sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

*Hora.* Let them come in,

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

*Enter Saylor.*

*Say.* God blesse you Sir.

*Hora.* Let him blesse thee too.

*Say.* Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter  
for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambassadors that was  
bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let  
to know it is.

*Reads the Letter.*

*H*Oratio, When thou shalt haue overlook'd this, giue these  
Fellows some meanes to the King: They haue Letters  
for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very  
Warlike appointment gaue vs Chase. Finding our selues too  
slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I  
bordred them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so  
I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with mee, like  
Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe  
a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue  
sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou would'st  
flee death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee  
dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter.  
These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosinbrance  
and Guildenstjerne, hold their course for England. Of them  
I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.

*He that thou knowest thine,*

Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters,  
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

*Enter King and Laertes.*

*King.* Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,  
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,  
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,  
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,  
Pursued my life.

*Laer.* It well appeares. But tell me,  
Why you proceeded not against these feates,  
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,  
As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else,

You mainly were stirr'd vp?

*King.* O for two speciall Reasons,  
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnseasonowd,  
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,  
Liues almost by his looks: and for my selfe,  
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,  
She's so coniunctiue to my life and soule;  
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,  
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,  
Why to a publike count I might not go,  
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,  
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,  
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,  
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrows  
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,  
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,  
And not where I had arm'd them.

*Laer.* And so haue I a Noble Father lost,

A Sister driuen into desperate tearmes,  
Who was (if praises may go backe againe)  
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age  
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

*King.* Breake not your sleepes for that,

You must not thinke

That we are made of stufte, so flat, and dull,  
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,  
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,  
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,  
And that I hope will teach you to imagine

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now? What Newes?

*Mef.* Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your  
Maiesty: this to the Queene.

*King.* From Hamlet? Who brought them?

*Mef.* Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not:  
They were giuen me by Claudio, he receiu'd them.

*King.* Laertes you shall heare them:

Leaue vs. *Exit Messenger*

High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your  
Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leaue to see your Kingly  
Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) re-  
count th'Occasions of my sodaine, and more strange returne.  
Hamlet.

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?  
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand?

*King.* 'Tis Hamlets Character, naked and in a Post-  
script here he sayes alone: Can you aduise me?

*Laer.* I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,  
It warms the very sicknesse in my heart,  
That I shall liue and tell him to his teeth;  
Thus diddest thou.

*King.* If it be so Laertes, as how should it be so:

How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

*Laer.* If so you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,  
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes  
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him  
To an exploit now ripe in my Deuice,  
Vnder the which he shall not choofe but fall;  
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,  
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practice,  
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence  
Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,  
I'ue scene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,  
And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant

Had